

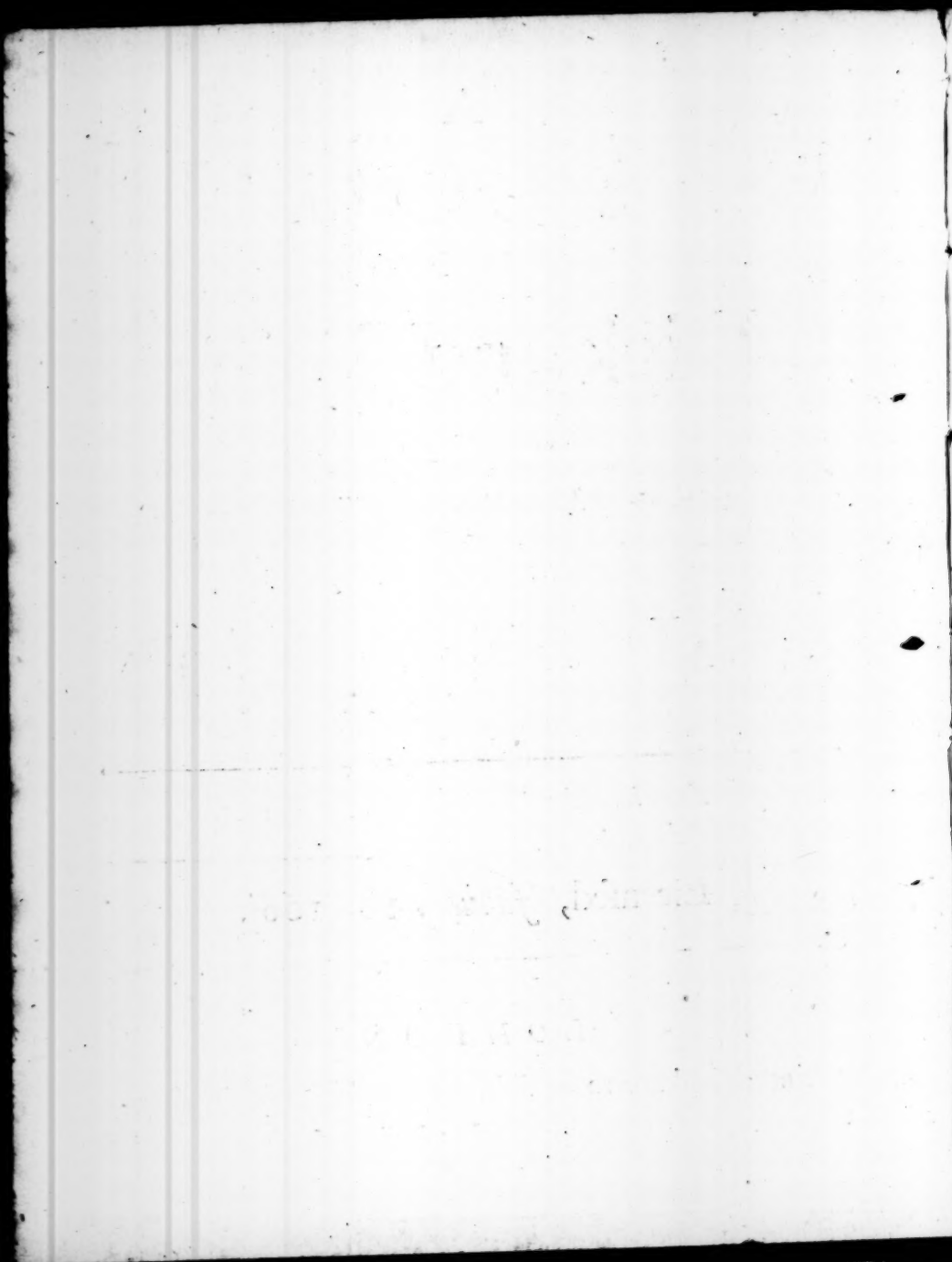
A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Dick and Tom;
Concerning the
Present Posture of Affairs
IN
ENGLAND.

Eone impudentia ventum est? Terent.

Licensed, *January* 18. 168⁸.

L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor* in *Amen-
Corner*, MDC LXXXIX.



A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Dick and Tom, &c.

Dick. **H**onest *Tom*, well met; faith I'm very glad to see thee; my heart leapt within me as soon as I encountred thee.

Tom. I know not what you mean by your leaps and counters; you *Londoners* are so full of Complements which cost you nothing: but will you give that honest *Tom* (as you call him) a Pot of Ale this cold frosty Morning?

Dick. With all my heart——We are but a little way from the Cock in *Amen-Corner*, where I'll give thee such a Cup of Liquor, as shall exceed *Darby* and *Nottingham*.

Tom. Prethee make hast then, for I've a great deal of business to do before I go out of Town.

Dick. We're there already, blest us! here's a good Fire too——Come, heart of Oak, here's to thee, remembering all our Friends in the Country.

Tom. I'll pledge you heartily, but I'm sure some of our Neighbours ha'n't recover'd the fright they were in t'other day.

Dick. What fright, in the name of Wonder?

Tom. Why, there came a couple of Fellows (who had almost kill'd their Horses for hast) into our Town, and told us the *Irish*

were but twelve Miles from us ; killing Men, Women and Children, which so scar'd us that in a quarter of an hour, our Market-place and Streets were fill'd, every one appearing in Arms ; the Women with Spits, Fireforks, and such Kitchin Artillery, expecting the Foe, but none appearing, we went to our homes ; yet the Children were so frightened with the Alarm, that tell them the *Irish* are a coming, and it scares 'em worse than Raw-head, and Bloody-bones.

Dick. 'Twas much in that manner with us in the City, which caus'd so great a consternation in some timorous people, that they were afraid to go to bed for several nights, least they should wake in the morning and find their Throats cut.

Tom. But all this while we are wide of the matter ; Prethee tell me a little News, for I've a huge mind to know how things go.

Dick. That was a question fit to be ask'd four months ago ; but now 'tis as idle as the Fellow that held his Watch in his hand, and ask'd his Friend what a Clock 'twas.

Tom. Why, is there no News stirring ?

Dick. News stirring——why, *Tom*, we have nothing else ; we have *Gazettes, Intelligences, Courants, Mercuries, Orange Gazettes, &c.* which has so enrich'd the *Hawkers*, that 'tis believ'd they will be incorporated, and made one of the City Companies. Indeed a little after the Padlock Proclamation, News was as scarce as *Rosemary* after the great Frost, but now men have liberty of tongue, as well as liberty of Conscience ; 'tis grown the staple Commodity of the times.

Tom. But still you let me hear none.

Dick. What would'st thou have me tell thee, that the King is in *France*, the Lord Chancellor in the *Tower*, some Jesuits in *Newgate*, and——

Tom. No more, no more, ——all this is old News.

Dick. That I knew, for News like Fish stinks in three days : In short, *Tom*, he must have better Lungs than I that can tell you the variety of Reports, which occur in *London* in one day.

Tom. I heard *Ireland* was in sad condition.

Dick. Most certainly, *Tyrconnel* and his booted Apostles are resolved to live and die in Defence of Popery ; but leaving them to the determination of God's Providence, and the success of the Prince's Arms, which will speedily be sent to reduce them, let us a little

little conferr Notes about the Present Posture of the English Affairs.

Tom. Lord ! you know I'm no Statesman.

Dick. Nor is every man in a Ship a Pilot, but he that in a Storm dextrously manages a single Cable, may be as serviceable as he that guides the Rudder.

Tom. If you mention a syllable of Stockcrafsy, or Mockcrafsy, I shall not be able to say a word more.

Dick. Not I sincerely, we will not entangle our discourse with any Inquiries into the several Modes of Government, but confine our thoughts to the present Juncture. Give me leave therefore to ask you what you thought of the Complexion of the Times, before there was the least whisper about the Prince of *Orange's* coming into *England*.

Tom. Why, I thought, as other people did, that Liberty of Conscience was a good thing ; that the King could do no wrong ; that notwithstanding some ill things, the King did not design to Introduce Popery.

Dick. O Credulity, Credulity whither wilt thou carry men ? why, *Tom*, 'twas that undid us all, our Grandmother *Eve's* aptness to believe the Serpent, caus'd her to taste the fatal Apple, and all her posterity have catch'd her distemper.

Tom. Why, you would not have poor country *Tom*, have as long a head as a Privy-Councillor ?

Dick. But I hope an honestier than some of them had. The design to introduce Popery in this Nation formerly, was carried on with artifice and secrecy, but now they were so open in their attempts that every project seemed to carry its countermines along with it, and 'tis time to arm, when the general cry is, *Sampson the Philistines* are upon thee.

Tom. I read somewhere lately that misfortunes will come, or they will not come ; if they will not come, 'tis nonsense to trouble our selves about what will never be ; but if they will come, is Misery so lovely an object as to be met half way ? or something to that purpose.

Dick. Excellent Philosophy : but still prevention is no out-of-fashion virtue—Had the Protestants in *France* suspected the Treachery,

Treachery, think you they would have come to that fatal Wedding in *Paris*, wherein so many Thousands of them were butcher'd?

Tom. No certainly—— but who would have suspected things in *England* would have ever come to that pass? indeed the sending the Bishops to the *Tower* did a little disgruntle us Country People.

Dick. There's no Man certainly can think the Garret a safe place to sleep in, when the Foundation of the House totters: And none but a Man over-run with Partiality could suppose the Superstructure would long continue, when the Pillars were taken down. But still you give me no Answer to my Question.

Tom. You Catechize me strangely; these Riddles pose me extremely.

Dick. Shall I give you my Thoughts upon the Matter—— Common Fame has Recorded us *English* to be a People extremely jealous and suspicious of our Rights and Privileges, generally distrustful of our Superiors, and somewhat uneasy under any sort of Government; but as the Devil is not so ugly as he is painted, neither is all that part of the Character true; Our Laws and Constitutions we may without Vanity affirm to be the best in the World, if we respect either the Honour of the Prince, or the Safety of the People: The former's Prerogative, and the latter's Privileges, are so determined by Legal Bounds, that while they so continue there must needs be an admirable Harmony in Government; but when either of these are stretch'd beyond their due Limits, the whole is put out of Frame; but when those of the Long-Robe (I mean the Scandals of it) shall either by the Frowns or Smiles of their Prince, or by the Allurements of Interest, give him a Power of Dispensing with Laws, rendring their fellow Subjects just so many Asses to be led or driven according to the Humour of the Supreme Governor: He that is of so cold a Temper as not to resent this in some manner, ought to be rank'd with the dullest of *Irishmen*, a Creature whose Soul serves only instead of Pepper and Salt to keep his Body from stinking, unworthy the Title of Man, and unfit for the meanest Conversation.

Tom. Hold, Sir, hold, if my Lord Chief Justice should over-hear you now, he'd lay you up in *Lob's* Pound for this.

Dick. I should be glad to see his Lordship; I know the Gentle-
men

men of *Maudlin* College are uneasy till they have made him some greatful Returns for his last Visit to them.

Tom. Was not that unlucky Business call'd, Purging the College?

Dick. Yes: It was a Purge with witness, to void the Bowels, and retain the Excrements; no doubt but the other Colleges must have undergone the same Course of Physick, had not the Revolution of time produc'd a new Scene of things.

Tom. Certainly the Papists were bewitch'd when they gave his Majesty such cursed Counsel.

Dick. Without question they were infatuated; but to use your Country Proverb, They were resolv'd to make Hay while the Sun shone. I am perfectly lost in Wonder when I think seriously on this Revolution. To us that know it, it looks like a Dream, but to Posterity it must certainly seem a Romance; and the Histories of *Don Quixot*, or *Garagantua* will seem the more authentick Relations of the Two, that all the Politicks of several Years last past, should be unravelled in Three Months; certainly it argues an excess of good Nature, to have *Maudlin* College restored, the Bishop of *London's* Suspension taken off, the several ancient Charters given again to their respective Corporations, and all this done on the sudden. Lord! how unconstant a Creature is Man; to Day all Anger, Fury and Repentment; to Morrow, all Candour, Benignity, Kindness, Love and Condescension.

Tom. Why, verily, what you say is true enough; we had as honest a Gentleman for a Mayor as ever broke a piece of Bread, but upon the new Regulation of our Town, he was turned out, and a Papist put in his Place; on the sudden our Charter comes, and then honest Mr. *H*—— was Mayor again, though it went against his Stomach to be kick'd up and down like a Foot Ball.

Dick. Publick Officers (honest *Tom*) have lately been like Tavern Clocks, made to strike Eight or Nine when it has been Three or Four in the Morning, according to the pleasure of the Vintner, who has been sure to get by such deluded Company. 'Twas a happy time when the Entrance to the Temple of Honour was only by the Gate of Merit; then Men of Learning, Sense and Integrity, were thought the fittest Companions for a Prince; but now the humble Grin, the fawning Leer, the Spaniel-like Cringe, are in this Age practis'd, as the only way to Preferment.

Tom. When

Tom. When I was a School-boy I heard of one *Dogues*, (I think they call him) a Surly old Cur, that always lived in a Tub. Now had that Coxcomb complemented *Alexander*, 'tis a Thousand Pound to a Cherry-stone, but he had been preferred.

Dick. I will not pretend to Vindicate the *Cynick*, his Humour was nothing but his Pride; but believe me, I had rather be honourably poor, than villainously rich.

Tom. But there's one thing I wonder at, that his Majesty should again retire after his kind Reception to *Whitehall*, after his first withdrawing.

Dick. That's a Catholick Riddle I am not able to fathom; his so sudden departure occasioned a kind of *Interregnum*, which the Mobile being sensible of, committed those Outrages of Rapine and Violence on the *Spanish* Ambassadors Residence and Chapel, *St. John's*, the *Franciscans* Chapel in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, *Bucklersbury*, *Lime-street*, &c. Though he must be degenerated from common Humanity, that will justify any such base and villainous Actions.

Tom. The same was done in several Parts of the Country, on the Houses and Chapels of Papists, but honest *Tom* never lik'd such violent Doings.

Dick. Spoke like thy self. I heartily wish our English Factories beyond Sea do not suffer severely for the Insolence of a few Rascally Villains: Here, you know, Revenge magnifies every thing beyond its due proportion; undoubtedly Relations from *England* to Foreign Parts will be stuffed with a Thousand Falsities, and that will be resented as the Act of a whole City, which was only the Fury of an Ungovernable Rabble.

Tom. But since he has left us, who is our Governor?

Dick. There was a time in *Israel* when every Man did what was right in his own Eyes——But Heaven be praised, 'tis not so with us, for the Lords Spiritual and Temporal being assembled did unanimously desire the Prince of *Orange* to take upon him the Government Civil and Military, till Matters could be settled in a Free Convention to meet on the 22d. of *January*.

Tom. But after all; Who is this Prince of *Orange*, whose Name makes such a noise in the World, we Country Folks know no other of him than that he Married the King's Daughter, when he was Duke of *York*?

Dick. I

Dick. I will not pretend to give you his Character after the life, you must be content with some rough Draught. In short, he is descended from the illustrious House of *Nassau*, a name that shines in History ; he had all the Education of a high-born Prince ; early he became acquainted with the Rules of Government, and practised them with that success, as to be made Stadtholder of *Holland*. The *Dutch* you must know are a people jealous of their Liberties to the last Degree ; and did not the Prince carry it with the highest moderation, that wary people would soon express their uneasiness under his administration. He is one adorned with all the Virtues that are requisite to his high Birth and Character ; his Justice is remarkable, his Prudence inimitable, his Temperance extraordinary, his Courage and Conduct exceed expression ; and all his other Virtues which wait upon these forementioned, are exalted to the highest degree that humane nature is capable of, in the practice of all which he is so very happy, that his worst Enemies could never fix a scandal upon him.

Tom. No——was he not ambitious when he came with an armed Force to Invade *England*?

Dick. Hold a little there, good over-hasty *Tom*, we must serve your Question, as Parsons do their Texts ; take it to pieces, and first, for the Ambition you seem to charge him with——

Tom. Lord, Sir, I am sorry I said that word ; I'm afraid you'll go and inform against me ; I have a Wife and four small Children, and if you shou'd——

Dick. Prethee, honest *Tom*, never fear it, what, betray my Friend ? I'd cut my Throat as soon ; no, *Tom*, my design is only to undeceive you. 'Twas not Ambition brought him hither, but a just Zeal for the Defence of the undermin'd Protestant Religion in *England*, &c. and to call it an Invasion is as great a piece of Lunacy, as if I should invite a neighbour to defend my house against suspected Robbers, and when he was entred, to call him the Thief.

Tom. Then was the Prince of *O.* invited hither ?

Dick. Most infallibly ; think you else that with a small handful of men (in comparison of the King's Army) he could have entred *England* so quietly ?

Tom. Why, truly, I think not, but is it true that there are several *Roman* Catholicks in his Army that came over with him on his design?

Dick. 'Tis so reported, and by many believ'd, for let that Church talk of Unity till the sound of the last Trumpet, they are as envious against one another, as 'tis possible, and like *Switzers* will fight for any that will but pay them, though 'tis somewhat difficult to trust them.

Tom. Why, does the *French* King fight against *Roman* Catholicks?

Dick. Undoubtedly——his Ambition knows no difference between Catholicks and Protestants, else he would never have fallen out with his Holy Father the Pope, but let's leave him to the scourge of the Emperor, and return to our former Discours'd of the Prince of *Orange*. You have seen, I suppose, all his Declarations.

Tom. Yes, I have, and read'em, and if he is but as good as his word, then——

Dick. You're still at your ifs; why, has he not given all the demonstrations imaginable of the sincerity of his intentions, by exposing his Person to the dangers of Sea and Land, turning out all Popish Officers through the Kingdom, and that he may not rely wholly upon his own wisdom and conduct, or the advice of a few, has by his Circular Letters Summon'd a Convention to meet this Month at *Westminster*, there to debate what is fittest to be done in this critical Juncture. If these reasons are not convincing to an up-prejudic'd understanding, let me live all the rest of my life like a fool, and when dead be buried by *Jack Adams*.

Tom. I am convinc'd, yet, but just now you blam'd me for my easiness of belief, and now you chide me for my suspicion.

Dick. Dear *Tom*, ben't angry, and we shall quickly come to a right understanding. But prethee, what greasie Paper is that you are fumbling between your Fingers.

Tom. I don't know well what it means; a Woman dropt it just before me, I took it up and call'd her to give it her, but either she did not hear me, or if she did hear me she would not hear me, but went on as fast as she could.

Dick. Let's see't, *Tom*.

Tom.

Tom. There 'tis, you are more Book-learn'd than I, but I believe it is some Quack Doctor's-bill, as you call'em.

Dick. Yes, 'tis a Quack's-Bill, but there are State-Mountebanks, as well as Pretenders to Physick, and the mischief on't is the latter give a thousand Bills before they meet with one Patient, but these sort of Bills poison almost every body that reads 'em.

Tom. For my part I have not read it, but if it be so dangerous as you say, tear it in pieces out of hand.

Dick. No, No, I have my Antedotes about me ; Heaven be prais'd, I'll ingage it shall do neither of us harm.

Tom. Why, do you understand Physick and Strology ?

Dick. To trifle with you no longer, *Tom*, before I dread it I must tell you something by way of Preface.

Tom. Proceed then.

Dick. Why, *Tom*, there are a sort of men in the World that can see farther into a Mill-stone than he that pecks it ; people of such ready intelligence, they'll tell you the precise Minute that the old Gentleman at *Rome* cuts his Corns, a week before he does it. Tell you of Massacres, Devastations, and other Calamities a long time before they happen, and these are those kind of cattle that dropp'd this Bill, whose design is only to amuse and frighten People with fears and jealousies, of what perhaps will never be ; causing them like people in false alarms of Fire, to break their Necks out at window to a void being burnt——The Title on't is——“ *Considerations propos'd to the Electors of the ensuing Convention* (that's the Text,) now let's hear the Application, an Use of instruction no doubt, “Gentlemen, God Almighty has now put it into your hands, “either utterly to ruin, or perpetually to settle three Kingdoms, “and with them the Protestant Religion in general, by the choice “you shall make of men to Represent you in the ensuing Convention, (very good ;) you never yet enjoy'd (and perhaps never may “again) such another opportunity of making your selves and “your posterity happy ; your choice being now absolutely free, “without any force, or hazard, as formerly.

Tom. Why, is not all this very true? methinks the Paper speaks honestly.

Dick. You never heard a Mountebank bawl out upon the Stage
 —Gentlemen, here in this Glafs is a moft infallible Poifon, that
 will rid you of your lives in half an hour, but he fmoother you up with,
 Gentlemen, here's a rich Cordial, Prepar'd after the Reccipt of the
 Duke of *Florence*; a fingle drop of it in the mouth of a fick Perfon,
 has recover'd him, when all Doctōrs and Friends have given him
 over; by this artifice you are drawn in to buy his Poifon'd Stuff,
 while behind the Curtain he has the pleafure to laugh at you. So
 'tis with this Paper; you little think what malignity comes after
 this fweetning Complement: but I'll read on, and now prepare your
 Ears for as much Malice as ever was crouded in a dozen Lines—
 “ Confider, therefore, they ought not to be choſen that ridicul'd the
 “ Popiſh Plot, and promoted ſeveral Proteſtant Sham-ones; that
 “ did what in them lay to Surrender your Charter, or which is all
 “ one, ſubmit to the King's Regulation of it: And diſcountenanc'd
 “ and threatned all that would not give up the Rights of the City
 “ as well as themſelves; upbraiding them with the odious names
 “ of Enemies to the Government; that baffled you in your Choice
 “ and Suffrage, and made many worthy Citizens Rioters, for af-
 “ ſerting their Rights therein; that ſwore illegal Sheriffs, by force
 “ of arms; that contrary to the known Rules of Common-Coun-
 “ cils, pretended to repeal all the Proceedings of twenty years,
 “ without ſo much as reading any act thereof (except the
 “ Titles) or referring them to any Committee, and abſolutely
 “ refuſing the negative queſtion, though deſir'd, and that in a
 “ word, did to the utmoſt in their ſphere endeavour to promote
 “ the arbitrary deſigns of a Popiſh Court, to rob all freeborn En-
 “ gliſhmen of their inherent Rights and Privileges (Sir *W. P.* then
 Lord Mayor :) There's enough for a taſte. The next Paragraph re-
 lating to Sir *P. R.*— I omit that Gentleman, having ſuffered
 ſufficiently by the Court Party, as the people call it; now to the
 Conclusion— “ But rather chooſe ſuch who in the Parliaments
 “ of King *Charles* the Second, oppos'd Popery and arbitrary Po-
 “ wer, in the face of Danger, and will now in all probability ex-
 “ poſe themſelves to the greateſt hazards, to eſtabliſh your Religi-
 “ on, Laws and Liberties—Here's a heavy charge, but as little
 prov'd as poſſible, but granting all to be true, is this a time, to
 rip

rip up old stories, while this Libeller little considers how the Court influenc'd all those violent proceedings which then happen'd.

Tom. But, ought not Men to be told of their faults?

Dick. Yes, But not in such a manner; yet without any manner of Reflection, give me leave to speak it, had some of these criminal Gentlemen, pointed at in the Libel, been Elected for the City of *London*, they might perhaps have served their Country with as much integrity as 'tis believed the four chosen Members will do in the present *Convention*; the City of *London*, in all publick Transactions, has always been the leading Card, most Corporations following her Example; but 'tis the business of some people to sow the Seeds of Dissention, when there is the greatest occasion for Unity. Mens faults are lookt upon with a Magnifying Glass, while their merits or deserts are seen with the wrong end of the Prospective; besides, should we once give space for Recriminations, what Division of Men is safe? The Papist hates to hear of the *Irish* or *French* Massacres, the Roundhead cares not to hear the Exploits of 41 mentioned.

Tom. Nor the violent Church-man of Passive Obedience.

Dick. Very merrily rejoin'd *Tom*; but were there a mutual forbearance, and an extensive Love and Charity, the Times would be much better; what do you think is the intent and real design of the Paper last mentioned?

Tom. To sow Seeds of Dissention; I make use of your own words, you see I'm familiar.

Dick. But do you see no further design?

Tom. Not that I can perceive.

Dick. Then I'll tell you, 'tis undoubtedly design'd to undermine the Church of *England*.

Tom. How can that be?

Dick. Why, thus; These Gentlemen, and others mentioned, are of the Communion of that Church, they have done such and such things, trust 'em no more; if they make the Majority in the Convention, then farewell *Liberty of Conscience*; and you will again be plagu'd with Informers and Constables, to molest you in your most peaceable Meetings, your Assembling together will be call'd a Riot, your Persons dragg'd to Prisons, and your Goods taken from you,
your

your Families undone, &c. these are the things you ought to fear; and now it is put into your hands to prevent them, therefore now or never—Is not this a fearful Scene to a timorous fancy? whereas, with the same reason, they may suspect an Army of *French* should come cross the Narrow-Seas on Horse-back, as any of these ill-grounded Suspicions.

Tom. Why, Sir, though 'tis a little smother'd, think you the Church of *England* has left her persecuting Spirit?

Dick. 'Tis the highest uncharitableness in the World to charge the whole Community for the faults of a few: Little do you think that that severe storm which fell upon the Dissenters in 83 and 84, was occasioned by Popish Councils, and hatch'd at the Court; the more pious and wise of the Church, did then, and do still disclaim such Proceedings; and I durst pawn my Life for it, that this Age, nor the next, will ever see any such Actions encourag'd by the Church of *England*; but if Ambition, mask'd with a pretended holy Zeal for the Glory of Christ, will still put the Dissenters upon ruining that Church, we may be suppos'd (notwithstanding the often retorted Doctrine of Passive Obedience) not tamely to stand still, and see the Church destroy'd a second time, by those who might quietly enjoy the Liberty of their own Conscience, provided they disturb not ours; those just fears and suspicions of Popery, are now vanish'd to that degree, that the very Name is become a by-word, and were we but once united, we need not fear the most close laid attempts of the Red-Letter'd Tribe.

Tom. I hope we are so.

Dick. I wish so too; but when Papers are dispers'd about, tending to the villifying of the Church of *England*, and people whisper in Coffee-houses, they hope to see a Common-wealth again; what must we guess but that the ruine of the Church is aim'd at: Come, come, *Tom*, these are not the Methods to be taken at this time of day, the Prince, though Educated a *Calvinist*, yet retains so great a veneration for the Church, by his daily Devotions at it, and receiving the Sacrament in that Communion, which are undeniable proofs of his respect and love to it, that may convince any impartial understanding of his firm and sincere Affection for it; yet is he civil to the Dissenters, who Complemented him in a Body upon his arrival

arrival at *St. James's*, assuring them his Protection; and no doubt, but a Parliament, when call'd, will settle *Liberty of Conscience* with its due limits; for let me tell you, the late grant by the King, was only a specious pretence to wheedle you into a tender opinion of the Catholick Religion, and that a Popish King was not so formidable a Creature; this you were to enjoy no longer than till things were ripe for execution the *Romans* making use of you (pardoning the rudeness of the Comparison) as the Monkey did of the Cats-foot, only to pull the Chestnut out of the fire; for give the Jesuit but even ground, and he'll quickly throw you: One would think, that a discerning inquisitive Nation, as ours is, should be no longer gull'd with pretences, but really see our own Interest; for if it is put into our hands to get wisdom, and we have no heart to it, 'tis just with Almighty God to deliver us up to our own folly, and our Posterity, may with tears, reflect on the happy opportunity lost by their Fore-fathers.

Tom. I remember, about four years ago, when the great Turk Besieg'd *Vienna*, (by which you may know I read *Gazettes* sometimes) 'twas a hot talk in our Country, whether 'twere not better to live under the Turks, who gave *Liberty of Conscience*, than under the Papists, who would allow no such thing—

Dick. By which, I guess you would infer, that your darling Liberty granted you (though with design) by the Papists, will not be continued by the Church of *England*, when the Reins of Government fall into her hands.

Tom. The very same.

Dick. Some persons have been very busie to give you a wrong notion of things; can the Comparison any ways correspond? is the feigned friendship of the Church of *Rome* so indearing, as to make you forget all her former Cruelties? or do the late severities, said to be done by the Church of *England*, cause such deep Impressions in your Memories, as to make you disclaim all friendship with her; certainly your minds are strangely vitiated to delight more in the designing smiles of a prostituted Harlot, than in the endearments of a chaste, though injured Spouse.

Tom. As you say, my Head is fill'd with notions, you would therefore do me a singular kindness to inform me what you mean, when you say the Church of *England*.

Dick.

Dick. By the Church of *England*, I understand that community of Christians professing the Faith of Christ in these Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, freed from the dregs of Popish superstition and idolatry ; not that I would have you think it owes its Birth to *Henry* the Eighth, or is a Religion form'd by an Act of Parliament, but following the methods of the best Fathers and Primitive Christians—But of this no more ; this Church, so fam'd for its Piety, Order, Decency and Discipline, the glory of the Reform'd, and envy of the *Romish* Religion, was never without its enemies ; But not to rip up old stories, or recriminate what at this day is better forgotten ; I will at present confine my Discourse to her behaviour since the Accession of King *James* the Second to the Crown.

Tom. Vaith, Sir, your a 'parlous fellow at History ; our Mayor can talk of nothing but what they did in *Queen Elizabeth's* days.

Dick. Truly, *Tom*, I should be glad to add any thing to your knowledge, though I am sensible 'twould edify much more to talk with you concerning what price Cattel bear, or how Corn went last Market-day at *St. Albans*.

Tom. Every thing in its season, as the Woman said when she boil'd Thistles instead of Artichokes.

Dick. Then I'll begin ; How industrious the C. of E. was to prevent the Bill of Exclusion, I presume you are not ignorant : When King *Charles* the Second died, and his Brother came to the Throne, all people were bigwith expectation to see how the Church of *England* would behave her self, having a Popish Prince to govern her, relying upon what he said at his first coming to Council, and his often repeated promises to maintain her ; the Press and Pulpits echoed with praises of *James* the Just, but alas how quickly was the Scene changed, and the swelling hopes of the Church turn'd into just fears of her Dissolution ? the Bishop of *London* suspended ; *Magdalen* College illegally taken from the rightful Possessors ; Persons of scandalous Lives, and more scandalous dulness, prefer'd to Fellowships and Places in both Universities ; a High Commission erected ; the Bishops sent to the Tower, for delivering a Petition, which 'by abus'd and wrested Law must be called a Libel ; yet after all ceased she not to go on in her exemplary Loyalty ; but as the

the Apostle speaks in another ease, *was patient in suffering, continuing instant in Prayer*; never heard to complain, but suffering all with a most Christian Courage, relying wholly on the wise Providence of that God that never fail'd to hear her in distress; and the more to afflict her, endeavours were us'd to seduce Persons of unwary minds from her Communion, by Missionaries, whose arts have since been detected by an ingenuous Pen. Yet after all she triumphs, and lifts up her head in despite of her Foes; this is that Church of *England* that stood in the Gap, when Jesuits, Priests, Mercenary Commissioners, Renegado Bishops, and false Brethren strove to ruine her, and now she has escap'd the Storm, shall she perish in the Harbour? Has she bravely resisted all the Bombs and Assaults of *Rome*, shall a *Geneva* Mine blow her up? Consider this seriously, *Tom*; and then I am sure you will be of my Opinion, that the Dissenters had better peaceably enjoy their Liberty, than by fomenting Animosities and Jealousies, give an occasion to the common Enemy to spoil her, and themselves together; for though between themselves they differ in Circumstantials, yet the word *Heresick* includes them both; the Popish rage burning as fiercely against *Pinnors-Hall*, as against *Lambeth-Chapel*.

Tom. Verily I thought the Church of *England*, and the Church of *Rome* differ'd, no more than a Chopping-Bill does from a Hatchet.

Dick. That's thy ignorance, *Tom*; were you to see the Pomp and Pageantry in the Worship of the one, and the decent gravity in the Divine Service of the other, you would quickly be of another Opinion; but of this at another opportunity; we've a quarter of an hour to spare, and therefore we'll talk of other Matters, for by this time I believe you are sufficiently convinc'd, 'tis not the Dissenters Interest to quarrel with the Church of *England*.

Tom. Why, truly, my eyes begin to be opened: But, what do you think of the Parliament now sitting?

Dick. No, *Tom*, you mistake, 'tis a Convention.

Tom. That's a hard word.

Dick. 'Tis the same thing in effect, only they cannot make or repeal Laws; the Kings withdrawing, and leaving the Kingdom in a kind of *Inter-regnum*; the Convention is to consider what is to be done in order to the publick peace in this unheard-of Conjunction.

Tom. I know you've a long reach; can't you guess what they will go about first? for I long to carry a little News down into the Country with me

Dick. As far as a guess goes *Tom*, I believe I may serve you; 'tis believed that one of their first Enquiries will be of the nature of the Kings leaving his people, and retiring into the Kingdom of a known Tyrant, which will occasion a dispute concerning the incumbent duty of a Prince, and the Allegiance of a Subject; a search will likewise be made into that nice point, the birth of the Prince of *Wales*; which, if prov'd a Forgery, will add much to the lustre of the House of *Modena*, and the Society of *Jesus*; but if found a reality, the young Gentleman to be sent for over, and Educated in the Protestant Religion: A time will be likewise appointed for the calling of a Parliament, which 'tis believ'd will be in *April* next, in order to settle the Grievances of the Nation, and try the betrayers of their Country, who are now in custody; these are the most probable Conjectures I can make of what will be done at the Convention.

Tom. But d'ye think they won't proclaim a War against *France*? methinks I've such an itching to kill a *Monsieur* or two.—

Dick. All in good time; they have things of a greater moment to consider; but that haughty Gentleman, may know in time that his *Bourdeaux* Claret has not quite damp't the *English* Spirits, but there are a Generation of Men alive who dare make him a bold visit.

Tom. He talks of heading an Army next Spring of about 80000 Men; d'ye think 'tis true?

Dick. Yes, By his Effigies stamp't upon his Gold, that's his way of heading an Army; he has no other methods to take Towns, but by bribes and treachery.

Tom. I heard a report since I came to Town, that the Citizens have sent the Prince 200000 Pound, that's more than half the Men in our Town are worth.

Dick.

Dick. Yes, *Tom*, and are ready to lend him as much more if his occasions require it ; this Money is not given to Priests and Jesuits, for erecting Monasteries and making Processions, but purely to be employed for the good and safety of the Nation——You see, *Tom*, by the example of our unhappy Prince, how fatal it is for a King to retract from his Word and Coronation Oath ; but why should I wonder ? when the Maxim of theirs, That no Faith is to be kept with Hereticks, was visibly practis'd before our eyes ; had he been true to those who plac'd him on the Throne, he might still have had *Te Deum* sung at his Chapel without molestation ; but when those Vermin the Jesuits crept into his bosom with their pernicious Morals, all Vows and Obligations were forgot, and rather than displease his *Ignatian* friends, his own quiet, and his Subjects peace, must be sacrific'd ; but I fear I have already trespass'd too much upon your patience.

Tom. No, Sir, I could hear you till midnight, but I have outstay'd my time, and therefore ask leave to bid you God b'w'y.

Dick. Honest *Tom*, I wish I had more of thy Company, but if you are in haste, Farewel.

F I N I S.